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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1910.

Build a New Patent Office.

The great public service rendered by the
United States Patent Office is not to be
disputed, and, therefore, the recommendations
of the Commissioner of Patents,
contained in his report to Congress for
the last calendar year, cannot fail to in-
terest the public at large, and the vast
army of American inventors and manu-
facturers as a class in particular.

The Patent Office is a self-supporting
bureau, and turns into the Treasury an-
nually a big surplus, after all the ex-
penses of conducting Uncle Sam's patent
business, including salaries, supplies,
court fees, &c., have been deducted.
There are now in the Treasury within a
few dollars of seven millions to the credit
of the bureau, every cent of which has
been paid by inventors, and which rep-
resents the earnings of the office.

The present Commissioner of Patents,
Hon. Edward B. Moore, knows the Pat-
ent Office business from the ground up.
He has studied its needs, its accomplish-
ments, and its future during his long
term of service. He has risen from the
ranks in the Patent Office, and his ad-
ministration is a signal vindication of
the policy of promoting to be heads of
bureaus and departments men who have
been on the inside long enough to know
how to run things to the largest public
advantage.

Mr. Moore wants a new Patent Office
building, and has told Congress so in his
report. That he should get such a building,
there is no doubt. It is not a question of
Congress appropriating money out of the
general revenues for the purpose. The
money is there, and it was earned by the
Patent Office. The inventors of the coun-
try, from whom this money was derived
in fees, are entitled to the best possible
service. This service cannot be given in
inadequate quarters, where valuable re-
sults are found in inaccessible places, and
work of a technical and exacting char-
acter is done in cramped surroundings and
with all sorts of handicaps.

Every facility for expediting the busi-
ness of examining and passing upon ap-
plications for patents for inventions should
be afforded. Commercial progress is con-
cerned in this matter, and commercial
progress is the heart and core of the na-
tion.

A bill introduced by Senator Daniel,
and now before Congress, contemplates a
building for the Patent Office of the same
size and general architectural effect as
the Library of Congress, to occupy a
similar site just north of the Library
Building. This is an admirable sugges-
tion, for the two public institutions are
of a correlated character. The Library
of Congress represents the product of
the human brain in its literary and ar-
tistic genius, and the Patent Office its
mechanical and technical ingenuity. Thus
two monuments to America's recognition
of man's intellect would be reared side by
side, under the very shadow of the Cap-
itol's dome, thus completing the group
of buildings of which the Capitol is to be
the center.

Let us have a new Patent Office by all
means.

Lost in Wall Street.

When a \$10,000 gold certificate takes
wings, it is time to call in the police.
This is what Hornblower & Weeks, a
stock exchange firm, did last Saturday,
when Benson Lang, a seventeen-year-old
messenger boy, reported that a bill given
him Friday morning to deposit in the bank
had mysteriously disappeared.

Benson declares he had a trance as he
started for the bank, that he went to
sleep in Central Park, and did not get
home until some time Saturday morning.
But the bill was lost between the office
and the National City Bank. So it was
in Wall street, or in the tributary ter-
ritory, for Wall street influence radiates
beyond the limit set by the surveyor and
street commissioner.

If the finder of the bill wants it for a
souvenir, he can keep it; but if he hopes
to get any material benefits, he will
do well to return it and get the reward.
For he it known that it is a most diffi-
cult thing to find a man willing to make
change to oblige a friend with a \$10,000
gold certificate. Step into a bank and
try to give the receiving teller a \$10,000
bill, and watch him examine it. If he
knows you, he will probably not summon
the police; but if you are a stranger, he
will get into communication with the
proper authorities.

Wall street is more accustomed to the
sight of the \$10,000 yellow backs than the
Kansas farmers are, yet even in that
mart of lambs unshorn one with a bill
of such denomination will be subject to
inspection.

The story of a man starving to death
with a hundred-dollar bill in his posses-
sion, because he could not convince any
one the note was genuine, is prob-
ably true. The man with the \$10,000
bill would have a still more difficult time
getting a sandwich and a cup of coffee

without being arrested. Be honest, espe-
cially when it is self-evident that honesty
is the best policy.

In Defense of Widows.

Since the days when Dickens made Wel-
ler say to his son, "Samuel, beware of
widows," the widows have been on the
defensive. Of late the red-headed variety
from Granddaddy's hand has been creating a
furore, and now comes Rev. Charles A.
Eaton, Rockefeller's pastor, who gives
her a certificate which places her in the
front rank of eligibles. Dr. Eaton says:

"The reason why second marriages so often
are happier for women is that marriages today
are based more and more upon money instead of upon
congeniality and co-operation. Young girls read the
fashion notes until their only idea of marriage is to
get a rich husband who will pay their millinery
and dressmaking bills. After they have been married
a little while they discover their mistake, and if
they have an opportunity to marry again they ex-
ercise more care in the selection of their mates. Then,
too, a woman who has failed to make a success of
her first marriage—and marriage is not a success un-
less both husband and wife are happy—puts forth
extra efforts to make her second union a success."

Her first matrimonial experience gave
her a better understanding of men. She
has passed the sentimental stage, and
knows that life is not all love and kisses.
She understands the home and its needs.
She is there to supply them. She has
profited by her earlier mistakes. A study
of the divorce court records will reveal
figures favorable to the second venture
in the matrimonial sea.

Still, this should not be construed as dis-
couraging to the maid, for she cannot be
a widow until she has been a wife, and
the one consolation is that she should try
to show the experience which has
come to the widow. The young swain,
when in love, does not ask whether the
dearest girl in the world is qualified to
take care of a home. That is a step
beyond him. So he is as ready and will-
ing to take the little miss as the more
mature widow.

In such affairs it is the heart rather
than the head that is taken as a guide.
No man has a thought of establishing a
cooking school when he is in love. There
should be an open field and no handicaps.
Let the widow use her experience against
the youthfulness of her maiden rival, and
let the prey be pursued from all sides.

Educational Value of the Drama.

A very striking example of the educa-
tional value of the drama has been
shown during the week just passed. Mr.
Augustus Thomas is one of our most
thoughtful playwrights, and whatever
may be his motives, he has always ap-
peared to uphold the dignity of the stage
without endangering its primitive func-
tions by radical departures in technique.
If in the process of introducing new
emotional values he had destroyed the
structure of the play, he could not have
hoped to see his work survive to the ex-
tent of educating any considerable por-
tion of the public. Whatever a play's
literary merit may be, or however
startling its theme, it cannot be suc-
cessful unless it makes a direct dramatic
appeal. Unless it does this, it belongs
between book covers and should be dis-
cussed in the library.

A play is apt to, wield much influence
for good or evil. That is why immorality
and indecency on the stage must be
cried down. Every play is an object
lesson of some kind, and Mr. Thomas,
among other theories advanced in "The
Harvest Moon," makes claim that the
play is more for the eye than for the ear.
What the eyes see the mind will retain,
so that the impression made by a sermon
from the stage will last much longer
than one which is not a visual dem-
onstration or enactment of the lesson to
be learned.

The power of mental suggestion is
used by Mr. Thomas in "The Harvest
Moon," and it is pretty safe to say that
this force was never before so clearly
expounded to the public in general, since
psychology and similar subjects are usu-
ally too weighty for desultory reading
or study.

The masses, then, can only learn of
these things through visual demonstration,
and Mr. Thomas sees that they are
entertained while being instructed. Thus
the stage accomplishes, through a play-
wright such as this, part of its mission,
which is to educate, quite as much as it
is to amuse.

Much might be written of the lessons to
be drawn from the incidents of the play.
One feels the truth of the arguments ad-
vanced as to the power of suggestion on
sensitive minds. There is no claim that
only weak-minded persons are affected.

When you say to your boy next time,
"You are a bad boy," remember that you
suggest to him something which might
not otherwise occur to his mind. If you
keep on suggesting that he is a bad boy,
he will be very apt to turn out to be one.
But if you say, "You are a good boy, and
I am proud of you," you will suggest to
him that he should be worthy of your
praise, and you will surely find him
amenable to help and suggestions for
self-help.

This is the substance of Mr. Thomas'
timely warning and appeal. Do not sug-
gest evil, but suggest good. Thought be-
gets thought, and those who exercise evil
suggestion and think bad thoughts are
no less than criminals.

It is a happy thought that Mr. Roose-
velt has discovered several hitherto un-
known animals. All the old ones already
have secret orders of one kind or an-
other named in their honor.

Not only does it seem squarely up to the
ultimate consumer to hunt out the cheap-
er cuts of meat, but also the cheaper cuts
of bread, the cheaper cuts of pie, and the
cheaper cuts of dry goods.

One of the men you never hear tell of
nowadays is the fellow who started a
diary on January 1.

It is not surprising that an Illinois but-
cher stole a leg of lamb from a butcher
shop and let the cash drawer untouched.
He is a very careless butcher who leaves
his valuables all alone and unprotected
at night, anyway.

At this stage of the game, the Gaylor
Presidential boom still most resolutely de-
clines either to affirm or deny.

So far as that proposed adjournment
of Congress on May 1 is concerned, precious
few people will kick if Congress makes
it April 30.

The director of the Yerkes observatory
says: "Halley's comet will be visible to

the naked eye on April 1." And if it is
not, he can claim that he was only April
fooling.

Nobody ever suggests conservation of
the English sparrows.

It seems that the one big thank we
should send up next Thanksgiving Day
is that everything good to eat is not yet
in cold storage, at all events.

"An exchange suggests that since Con-
gressmen raised their own salaries, they
ought to be made to pay their own
postage," says the Memphis News-Smit-
her. It would be hard to say that loud
enough for Congress to hear it, however.

"The President of France fell into the
flood," notes the Omaha Bee. This coun-
try once had a President who would
have considered that rather rare fun.

Elbert Hubbard declares he would not be
as he is if he had smoked cigarettes in
his youthful days. This, we think, is a
mighty poor anti-cigarette argument.

"Some day the women will edit all the
newspapers," says Mrs. O. H. P. Bel-
mont. In which event the "extras" will
all be known as "postscripts," of course.

Old Father Tiber also has been doing
stunts, it seems. Naturally, however,
they were more dignified than those
Franchi capers cut by the Seine.

The comet will shoot athwart the hea-
vens at the rate of forty-five miles a
second, or almost as fast as Prof. "Matt"
Henson traveled from glory to the grave
—or wherever he is.

From a Republican standpoint, Mis-
souri hardly seems to be healthy tariff
debating ground this year.

Moving picture machines are being in-
troduced into numerous educational in-
stitutions throughout this country. Moving
pictures have come to stay, apparently.

For the 4114th time Gov. Haskell denies
the allegation and defies the allegator.

The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun in-
dignantly denies that the Georgia peach crop
has been killed this year. From this we
infer that it is still the close season for
peach crops down there.

An Indiana statesman says "every-
thing looks rosy for the Republican party,
nevertheless." Still, everything generally
looks rosy just before a sunset, for that
matter.

Most extraordinary revolution in Nica-
ragua! They actually are killing per-
sons!

Long hair is to be fashionable for men
this spring. This may appear a little
rough on the ultimate consumer who is
also a barber, but think of the ultimate
consumers who are not barbers.

Senator Root admits that the Republi-
can party in New York State is "demo-
ralized." Still, the Senator is, perhaps,
unmindful of the fact that election day
is yet well along in the future.

The United States Senate will have to
wobble along as best it may without Mr.
James K. Vardaman, it appears. With
Mr. Tillman's pitchfork and Mr. Davis'
red-hot poker, however, there probably
will be excitement enough for all ordinary
occasions and purposes.

By and by the trusts will have to raise
the Maine, presumably. At least, it seems
likely that that will soon be about the
only thing left to raise.

The esteemed ground hog to the con-
trary notwithstanding, bog beer signs
are bobbing up all around and about.

"Great mineral deposits in Liberia." At
the same, for the moment, keep your
eye on Alaska.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

The President Complains.

From the New York Evening Post.
The President complains that nobody "drops in"
at the White House. But many have dropped out.

A Slight Resemblance.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Senator Culberson says he will not resign, but he
bears no other resemblance to Senator Platt.

Less Swearing in Congress.

From the Springfield Republican.
The Republican faction in Congress continue to
swear fealty to the Taft legislative programme, but
what is wanted is more doing and less swearing.

American Supremacy.

From the Syracuse Post-Standard.
Dr. Andrew D. White finds that only one out of
every seventy-four murders is committed. In con-
servation of our murders we lead the world.

Senator Elkins—Insurgent.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
When Senator Elkins denounces Senator Aldrich
and declares himself to be a near-insurgent the gal-
lery wakes up and realizes that something is doing.

The Two Garfields.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
James A. Garfield was murdered by the half-crazed
Gutten for being President. James R. Garfield was
scalped by practical politicians for being right.

Champ Clark as Speaker.

From the Austin Statesman.
If Champ Clark is the next Speaker of the House,
the Republicans will have the consolation of know-
ing that he can't hurt them any worse than their
own selection has done.

Cannibalism a Real Evil.

From the Birmingham News.
An Illinois newspaper declares that Cannibalism is
a real evil. If the present methods and practices of
this evil are continued at Washington it may not be
long before a motion to make the assertion of our
Illinois contemporary unanimous will be in order.

Up to Mr. Taft.

From the Buffalo News.
If President Taft doesn't abate the most trust
fourthly he certainly owes an explanation to Mrs.
Anita Comfort Brooks, of New York, for she says:
"I wrote to the President on Friday, asking him to
help us to destroy the most trust, and I underlined
the words three times." Now, then, Mr. President!

Assassins.

From the Kansas City Times.
John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of
Abraham Lincoln, was an American actor
born in Baltimore, Md. He was in sym-
pathy with Southern secessionists. Charles
Jules Guiteau, the assassin of James A.
Garfield, was born in Freeport, Ill. Be-
cause of disappointment in obtaining the
office of American consul at Marseilles,
he shot President Garfield. Leon F. Czol-
gosz, the murderer of President McKin-
ley, was born in Detroit, Mich., of Rus-
sian Pole parents. Czolgosz said before
his death that he had been baptized in
the Roman Catholic faith in the Polish
church in Detroit, and that he abandoned
the church in early life.

Nevertheless—

From the Boston Transcript.
She—I never saw a person yet who liked
to be interrupted in the middle of a sen-
tence.

He—You ought to visit a jail.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

COURTING A BELLE.

"Would it be any harm to deceive her
about my age?" inquired the elderly mil-
lionaire.

"Probably not."

"I'm sixty. How would it do to con-
fess to fifty?"

"I think your chances would be better
with her if you claimed seventy-five."

A Friendly Suggestion.

"I have seven doctors, and yet they
can't tell what's the matter with me.
What would you suggest?"

"I would recommend a straw vote."

Perish the Thought.

"I want a good home exercise for de-
veloping the arms."

"The result can be obtained by grasping
a wooden rod with both hands, holding it
in an upright position and moving it
slowly from right to left. An ordinary
broom will do."

"It sounds all right," said the young
girl. "But, please! That would be
sweeping."

Aroused His Ambition.

The hobo's eyes were dull and dim,
For he had traveled far.
The kind householder gave to him
A cast-off touring car.

The tramp forthwith began to feel
His numb ambition play.

He proudly grasped the steering wheel
And gaily honked away.

And now he'll chop the wood with pride
For anybody's fires.

To keep his touring car supplied
With gasoline and tires.

Worth Trying.

"The pouch of the kangaroo is an in-
teresting freak of nature."

"I wonder if kangaroo skins have ever
been used for coats. They should be just
the thing."

"Why so?"

"Ready-made pockets ought to lessen
the cost of manufacturing a heap."

A Game Sport.

"He never goes along with the crowd."

"He can't afford these expensive
treats."

"Aw, he ain't a game sport."

"Yes, he is a game sport. He wears a
fuzzy overcoat so that his kids can have
shoes."

Various Reasons.

"What are you doing at a barefoot
dance?"

"Oh, I always patronize art. And
you?"

"I came to see if the stage was sand-
papered."

Slowness of Starvation.

From the Argonaut.

During a prolonged fast the loss of
weight is usually rapid at first and
decreases as the time goes on. Death
ensues when a certain percentage of the
loss has been reached, and this per-
centage varies, according to the original
weight. Fat animals may lose half their
weight, thinner ones perhaps two-fifths.
A man or woman of rather spare build
weighing 143 pounds might, therefore, lose
about fifty-five pounds before succumb-
ing. Children die after a fast of from
three to five days, during which they
have lost a quarter of their weight.

Healthy adults, however, have fasted
fifty days without water. In the case of
a woman, aged forty-seven years, who
fasted for forty-three days, taking water
freely. She lost forty-four pounds out of
143 pounds, and died from exhaustion.

Daudet's Bowl of Coins.

From the Argonaut.

For careless generosity, Daudet, the
great French writer, could not be out-
clashed by any man of his time. At one
time he used to place on the mantel-
piece of his study, at the time when he
held his weekly receptions, a bowl which
was filled with silver coins. It was un-
derstood that if any one of the Bohem-
ians of letters who came to see him
needed a little financial assistance he
could go to the bowl and help himself.
The experiment naturally failed. There
were those who came to the receptions
only for the sake of the bowl. There
were those who put too liberal an in-
terpretation on the mute invitation ex-
tended to them. "I used to see fellows
pocketing the coins by handfuls," said
Daudet, "and in the end I had to aban-
don the practice."

Did He Get It?

From Everybody's.

A sailor had just shown a lady over
the ship. In thanking him she said: "I
am sorry to see by the rules that tips are
forbidden on your ship."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the
sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of
Eden."

An Old Man's Kindness.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Blynes—Your father's a fine old
scout, Miss Pamith. I left my umbrella
last night, and he walked eight blocks to
bring it back to me.

Miss Pamith—Yes—he was afraid you'd
come back after it.

No Need of Them.

From the St. Louis Star.

"Why is it that poets never comb their
hair?"

"The poor fellows worry themselves
bald-headed before they get the price of a
comb."

THE MAID AND THE CANARY.

She watched the canary.

This canary.

So he was singing himself
To smooth and to polish

Each disarranged one.

He pulled out the stray ones,
He tucked and ran ones,
He smoothed and ran ones,
He smoothed and ran ones.

He smoothed and ran ones,
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